The Washington Times

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I solemnly swear that the accompanying statement represents the circulation of The Washington Times as detailed, and that the net figures represent all returns eliminated, the number of copies of The Times which are sold, delivered, furnished, or mailed to bona fide purchasers or subscribers. FRED A. WALKER, General Manager.

District of Columbia, ss:
Subscribed and sworn to before me this 1st day of October, A. D. 1913. THOMAS C. WILLIS, Notary Public.
(Seal.)

Washington, D. C., Saturday, October 4, 1913.

WHY?

New York is quite excited because Mr. Vincent Astor, possessor of a hundred millions, is going to take an active part in the anti-Tammany campaign.

It is pointed out that such men may arouse the thousands of non-voting, well-to-do citizens to shake off their lethargy and actually get out and vote for good government.

Why do the men with greatest stake and interest in behalf of right government so commonly take least interest in getting it? Why are they the non-voters, while the undesirable citizen is more apt to be a repeater?

That question opens an inquiry that leads a long way into the inwardness of the whole governmental problem.

CONSISTENCY VERSUS THE FACTS.

Mrs. Pankhurst scores when she points out that the London government is highly inconsistent in using rigorous methods against the suffragists, while it makes no move at all against the open and avowed organization of rebellion in the north of Ireland.

But consistency is a vice of small minds. The present British government at bottom is a home-rule government, and that means it will in the end find a way to give Ulster home rule, to which Belfast is quite as much entitled as Dublin. By the same rule the women are as much entitled to vote as anybody. After all, the liberal party, inconsistent as it may appear in such phases, is the one to which appeal must be made for a final proper handling of such conditions. In the perspective of a long view of history that is always shown to be true, whether in Britain or in any other country.

CONTROLLING FALL OF RAIN.

Most people think of the rainmaker as a faker of the first degree. Probably, as we have known him, he is all that. But this modest observation of a Harvard professor about his studies in the control of precipitation suggests something different.

Alexander G. McAdie, professor of meteorology, hopes to achieve something in the direction of rain control. "Our work will be in connection with the physics of a drop of rain," he said. "Studies of condensation of water vapors will be made. This lies at the foundation of any knowledge of rain-making and control."

That certainly sounds sane compared to the promises of the old Kansas rainmakers. Moreover, it certainly seems as reasonable and as promising as did the proposal to make artificial ice, when a few decades ago that suggestion was ridiculed by everybody who heard of it. The answer to the laugh was in the making of ice.

INDIA'S CHRISTIAN REVIVAL.

India under British rule is only second to the United States in interest as a melting-pot nation. Some British alarmists construe the unrest of the Hindus as possibly premonitory to some sort of uprising; and the horrors of the Sepoy rising and the Black Hole are never quite obscured in the English mind.

Now a new element is introduced by reason of the recent rapid spread of Christianity among the native population. It is said that within certain districts fully 150,000 conversions to Christianity have have been made in a short time, and predictions are that the number will presently reach two millions. Unconverted native elements are incensed against the activities and successes of the Occidental missionaries, and a religious element is added to the factors in the difficult situation. Persecution of the converts is reported.

We have learned to think of India as in process of a modernization of thought and institutions, and the remarkable spread of Christianity seems to bear out that conception. That the extension of Christian teachings and ideals will ultimately add difficulty to the problem of India is a conclusion that few Western people will be willing to accept.

"DOLLAR DIPLOMACY" AGAIN.

"Damned by a phrase" is peculiarly appropriate in characterization of the widespread prejudice that has been aroused against a perfectly proper and desirable American participation in the financing of Latin America.

When every great nation in the world is straining its financial resources, and those of its allies, to maintain its place, it surely is not remarkable that the new and minor republics, with little credit and resources mainly undeveloped, should likewise need monetary backing. The proposal to supplement the vague altruism of the Monroe doctrine with some substantial aid in reorganizing tangled national finances is practical and progressive.

When the Taft Administration proposed frankly to do that there was an uproarious protest against dollar diplomacy. But now the Wilson Administration is giving countenance to a plan for American financing of immediate needs in Nicaragua, which inevitably points to larger commitments of the sort in future.

The Administration is to be congratulated on looking higher than the demagogic misrepresentations which were invoked against that program under Taft. There could be no worse mistake than to assume that this country can get and keep its share of Latin-American commerce without substantially proving its interest in Latin-America. If British, German, and French financiers are to have a monopoly of the business of putting the Caribbean republics in a posture of self-respecting independence, those countries will get the business. That may be a sordid view, but it is highly practical and appealing. The Administration deserves to have its hand upheld in its efforts to establish American interests firmly in these minor Americas.

THE NEW TARIFF MEANING.

With a good deal of very fitting circumstance, President Wilson last evening signed the new tariff bill and thereby made it the law of the land. It is a peculiarly significant event, for it represents the putting into effect of the real tariff policy of the present-day Democracy. There have been compromises and adjustments, giving and taking; but so far as a political party with millions of members and long-established traditions can have a definite policy on such an issue, this measure stands for Democratic tariff policy; and the contrast between it and the Payne-Aldrich measure represents very fairly the contrast between Democratic and old-line Republican ideas of tariff. The one has been tried; the other is now to be tried. Wherefore the signing of this tariff bill, committing the nation to a new program, is of very striking importance.

For half a century this country has favored a protective tariff. The contrary Democratic doctrine has been persisted in largely as a matter of opposition expediency—to an extent indicated by the fact that twenty years ago, when put to the test, a Congress Democratic in both branches refused to live up to the party's theories. The majority of the electorate is still for protection. The mandate to enact a low tariff law, now being obeyed, was that of a plurality, not of a majority, of the voters of the country.

Nevertheless, it was a clear mandate. The majority acquiesces in Congress' action; partly, perhaps, because it knows it cannot help itself, but more because there has been a marked and very general reaction from such advanced ideas of protection as were embodied in the Payne-Aldrich measure. But between mere revision downward and the sweeping and radical changes the present bill introduces there is far more difference than this reaction alone justifies. The bill would have awakened sharper opposition and greater apprehension than it has were it not for the fact that it has been admirably and conscientiously drafted and that its working will afford a real test, for weal or for woe to the country, of the low tariff doctrine.

Except it be prospective currency legislation, also in Democratic hands, there is nothing now on the horizon to befog the results of this test. The country is prosperous, crops are large, business is good. No panic or cause for panic is in sight. The country's new fiscal policy will be inaugurated under fair and promising conditions. There can be no dodging of its consequences.

The Democrats have promised much from the effects of a low tariff. If even half of it comes true, it would be foolhardy indeed for Republicans to try to win Presidential elections in the near future with a return to high protection as their main issue. If there follows a serious disturbance—or, rather, if there be evidence that business and wages cannot be kept up under a clean-cut low tariff—we will not hear much more of that doctrine from Democrats.

The test between the two extremes ought to be conclusive. There will always be, and probably it is to the country's advantage that there should be, a politico-economic alignment on the tariff scale. But the controversy will be over minor reductions and increases. It will hardly present, as it has in the past, the constant threat of a complete reversal of the country's fiscal policy every four years.

And just to the extent that the fiscal policy to be followed becomes practically fixed, revision and readjustment of tariff details under it can be made scientifically. Such data as a tariff commission can collect may not be of great service when there is a constant difference as to the fundamental purpose of the tariff. Its statistics on wool would mean little if the question were one, not of how thoroughly American sheep-raising needs to be protected, but of whether or not the schedule was to be adjusted without regard to its effect upon the industry in this country. But given a certain and assured attitude of the Government toward the sheep industry here, or regardless of that, a definite problem as to the proportion of income to be produced through wool importations, the functions and value of a commission become self-evident.

With the passage of this bill, then, we have taken a long step forward. It seems almost impossible that after so crucial a trial of the Democratic doctrine as is offered the tariff will long remain in politics; and with its elimination there will also disappear the incentive under which every Congressman now labors, obstinately to insist upon his prerogative of examining and passing upon every petty detail of the schedules himself.

The Nickels of the People.

Many nickels make the millions. The nickel is the coin that circulates most nimbly among the greatest number of persons in New York city. The street railways take by far the greatest number of them. Last year the Interborough Rapid Transit Company took in 634,316,516 nickels, which was about 12,000,000 more than the year before. Did they represent the increased population or were they nickels that were saved from some of the other purposes to which nickels are usually devoted?

Gourds for Bird's Nests.

By hollowing out gourds and suspending them from trees and poles, an Illinois farmer provides nesting places for the native American birds, the wren and bluebird, and protects them from the aggressive English sparrow, which has a tendency to monopolize the desirable nesting places. The gourds designed for wrens have entrance holes about the size of a silver quarter. This is sufficiently large for a wren to pass through, but not large enough for a sparrow.

THIS & THAT

With Sometimes a Little of the Other

THE U. S. GOVERNMENT.

PREFACE.

Are you aware the inner twists,
The intricate complexity,
The hits, the put-outs and assists,
The kinks and the convexity,
The workings of this place of C.
Columbus's discovermentf
Do you possess the magic key
To this here U. S. Gover'mentf

Art hep how many minutes, then,
Your uncle calls an hourful?
And do you know the mighty men
From those who aren't so powerful—
The men who say "I want this done"
From those who do the giving in?
In short, the way in which is run
The country you are living in?

If you have that at your command,
If you are one who's knowing some-
Thing of this broad and lengthy land,
Believe me, you've been going some.
And if you're one who doesn't know
The autumn from the spring of it,
The verses I have writ below
Will not tell you a thing of it.

1. The President.

Among the nation's leaders is
One peerless and pre-eminent;
He has a simple title, viz.:
The President.

From weighty questions of the day
To "Why is a rhi-noc-e-ros?"
He always has the final say;
He is the boss.

Day in, day out, he fights and bleeds,
There in the thickest of the strife;
There is no doubt but that he leads
A busy life.

And yet there have been men who scoffed
And took a slightly different view;
They've said they think he has it soft.
I think so, too.

For what with private secretare,
And secret service man and clerk,
He always has somebody there
To do the work.

He gratifies his slightest whim;
He's free to trample on the grass;
And ev'ry year they furnish him
A baseball pass.

The men with whom he goes about
Comprise a nifty little bunch;
They constantly invite him out
To go to lunch.

And comforts? I can not begin
To tell of all of those there are.
He travels, for example, in
A private car.

And yet I would not ruffle his
Complacency, nor try to rob
Him of it—think how hard it is
To GET the job!

They say they do not have accidents on these French roads, and I think it must be true. If I remember rightly, we passed high above wagon roads, through tunnels under them, but never crossed them on their own level. About every quarter of a mile, it seemed to me, a man came out and held up a club till the train went by, to signify that everything was safe ahead. Switches were changed a mile in advance, by pulling a wire rope that passed along the ground by the rail, from station to station. Signals for the day and signals for the night give constant and timely notice of the position of switches.

No, they have no railroad accidents to speak of in France. But why? Because when one occurs somebody has to hang for it. (They go on the principle that it is better that one innocent man should suffer than 500.) Not hang, maybe, but be punished at least with such vigor of emphasis as to make negligence a thing to be shuddered at by railroad officials for many a day thereafter. "No blame attached to the officers"—that lying and disaster-breeding verdict so common to our soft-hearted juries, is seldom rendered in France.

Written apropos of the recentest New Haven wreck, think you, or haply the one before it? Neither. It is an excerpt from "Innocents Abroad," and Mark Twain wrote it 42 years ago. And it shows, in a measure, how much there is new in this kaleidoscopic cosmos.

Tomorrow: "Ambition," by the author of "Charity" and other space-fillers. ONE CENT.—Adv.

Think of it! The measly fact that Dr. Zickuhr practices out in Wisconsin is enough to keep a good wheeze from permeating this space.

Things That Make Life Worth While.

R. J.: "Opening the bottom drawer of your desk while sitting thereat, then forgetfully arising and falling over it. And repeating the stunt six times a day."

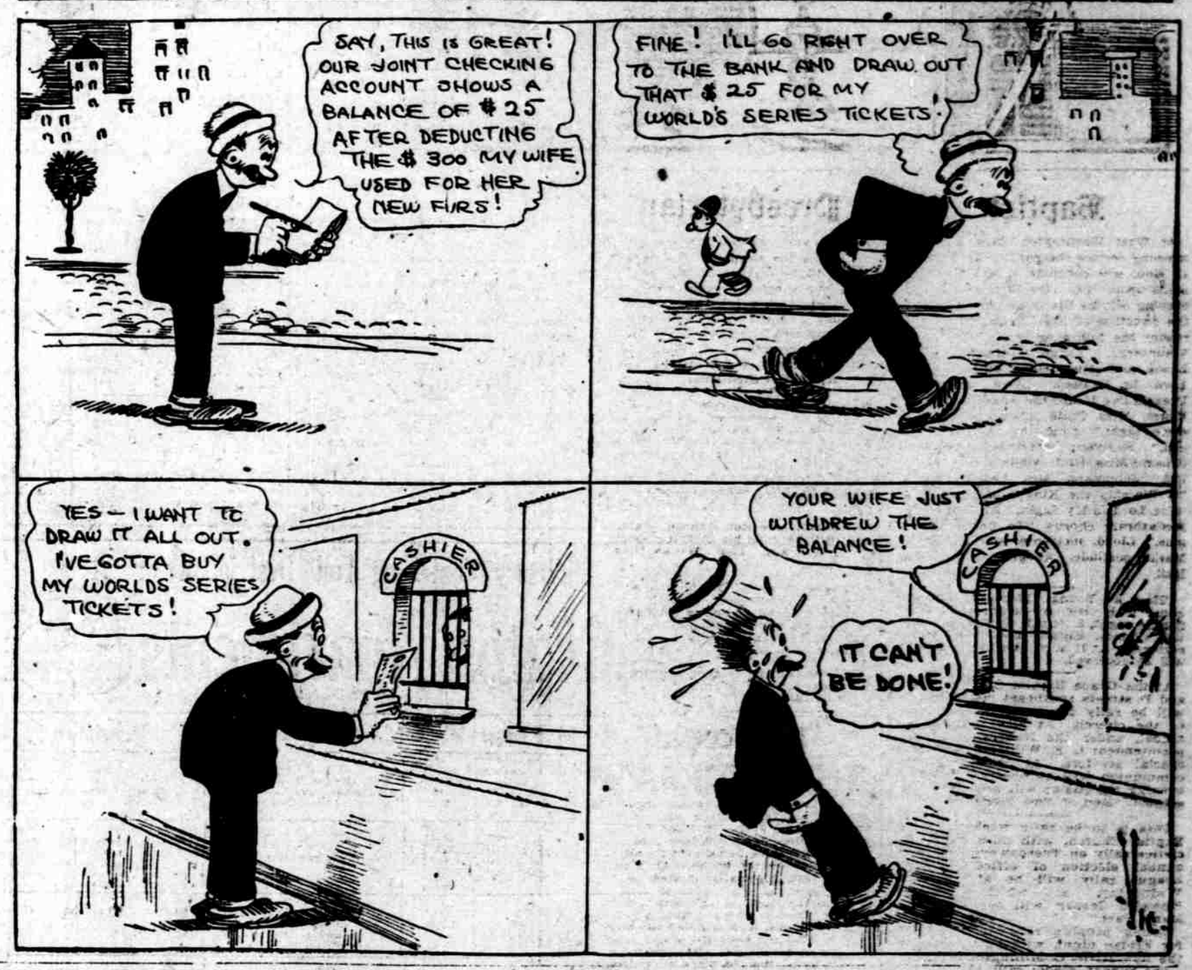
Time was, and not so long ago, when getting a day off caused us no end of trouble and fretting.

Nowadays, however, we refuse absolutely to worry.

We just drop things and go.

G. A. K.

IT CAN'T BE DONE! By VIC



Good Stories

Pauperized.

IN a discussion of the pauperizing effect of indiscriminate charity, Mrs. Russell Sage, whose charity is always wise, once said:

"I used to know a good old clergyman who devoted over half of his income to the poor.

"In this good clergyman's parish there was a man to whom he gave every week coal and flour, sugar and tea, potatoes, and meat. Remembering how the clergyman had to deny himself in order to give so generously, a lady said to this pensioner one day:

"'Don't you think it's very good of Dr. Fifthly to look after you like this and give you all these nice things?'

"The pensioner, who was lunching on the good old clergyman's bounty at the time, looked up with his mouth full of steak.

"'Good of him?' he exclaimed. 'Why, what's he for?'"—Boston Herald.

His Names.

"HARRY THAW sees a good many amusing things in his retreat," says the Pittsburgh Post. "He recounts some of these things in his really well written letters home.

"He told me in a recent letter about a visitor to Matteawan who asked an inmate his name.

"'My name,' the inmate answered proudly, 'is Andy Carnegie.'

"'Is that so?' said the visitor. 'Why, the last time I was here your name was Theodore Roosevelt.'

"'But that,' said the inmate, 'was by my first wife.'"

Too Big a Hurry.

"DRIVE like the dickens;" shouted Smith, springing into a taxi.

With a lurch the car went forward, says the Tombigbee Clarion, and away they went like lightning through the gathering fog.

At last, after half an hour's furious racing, they slowed up and Smith poked his head out of the car.

"Are we nearly there?" he asked breathlessly.

The chauffeur turned in his seat and shouted:

"Where do you want to go, sir? You have not told me yet."

The Value of a Life.

AT the Metropolitan Club in Washington a well-known business man from New York city was introduced to Justice Harlan. The New Yorker was apparently desirous of impressing those about him, and remarked that his income exceeded $100,000.

"I simply have to make that amount," he explained. "Why, it costs me $80,000 a year to live."

"Really," said Justice Harlan, blandly. "It's far too much—I would not pay it—It isn't worth it!"—Chicago Record-Herald.

Hits From Sharp Wits.

Even a good listener becomes a bore at last if he has nothing to say.

Soon the Progressive party will be in condition to flock with the Prohibition party.

Within a few weeks Jack Frost will prove himself a great dress reformer.

Thaw's frequent statements indicate that he hasn't enough confidence in his money to let it do all the talking.—Albany Journal.

It is presumed that obscure lawyers in unheard-of-towns are silently praying for another dash for liberty.—Pittsburgh Post.

The refusal of women to leave the court room in the cases of Diggs and Caminetti, even when the judge suggested that they should do so, may explain why theater managers put on so many unsavory plays these days.

The sheriff of New York says he will not allow Mrs. Pankhurst to make incendiary speeches. The London police wouldn't allow it either—but she did.—Kansas City Journal.

Dr. J. H. Kellogg says the human race is gradually becoming insane. We certainly do seem to be developing a form of madness over the continued effusions of asinine opinion on the subject.

All the same, Mr. Bryan seems to have an especially virulent case of "dollar diplomacy."—Philadelphia Inquirer.

Reflections of A Bachelor Girl

BY HELEN ROWLAND

The blushing, modern debutante
Is quite au fait, of course;
She dotes upon a tango-tea,
Reads Mrs. Glyn and Ellen Key,
And yearns for—a divorce.

A man always begins flirting with a girl for relaxation—and ends by regarding it as a daily chore.

Conservatory: The sanctuary, where a girl escapes from a lot of men who are trying to say clever things, and listens to one man saying foolish things.

When a man marries a woman she is an "angel;" later he begins to suspect that she is a "devil;" but eventually he comes to regard her merely as a human being in the garb of a woman.

To a confirmed bachelor there are just two kinds of women—the serious kind that frightens him to death and the frivolous kind that bores him to death

Coercion rolls off a man like raindrops off a mackintosh. Making him promise to give up a woman merely excites his sympathy for her and before he has cut the string he is anxious to tie a knot in it again.

A woman takes her flirtation in separate courses; but when love affairs begin coming to a man they come not single file but in battalions.

Pshaw! Business and money making are all right when you get old and sour and cynical, but the business of youth is lovemaking.

The harness of matrimony is not a span, but a tandem, and the one who takes the lead at the altar will keep it all the way to the grave.

Anecdotes of the Old-Time Actors

By Edw. Le Roy Rice.

(Author of "Monarchs of Minstrelsy, from Daddy Rice to Date," etc.

A New Idea In Whiskers.

HENRY HUDSON was the discoverer of the river that bears his name, but "Hen" was not the only discoverer of that name that ever really discovered anything worth while.

William H. Crane, who began his professional career as a member of the famous Holman troupe, more than fifty years ago, used to relate a story pertaining to a member of that company, one Alfred Hudson by name.

Stage whiskers are invariably made from crepe hair, as all actors know. On this particular occasion there was urgent necessity for the whiskers, but the necessary "makings" were not adjacent, nor were they in any way available.

Nevertheless, Mr. Hudson just had to have those whiskers. He bethought himself of his illustrious namesake. "If HE could discover an important affair like the Hudson river, then I ought to be able to discover a substitute for whiskers." And he did. Looking around his dressing room, he espied his trousers hanging on a nail, with a package of tobacco sticking out of the pocket. "The very thing," said Hudson, and proceeded at once to make fine whiskers from fine-cut.

Another Circus Story.

JAMES ROBINSON, one of the greatest bareback riders the world has ever known, was several years ago in the employ of the late James A. Bailey, who, contemplating a foreign tour, conceived the idea of dispensing with Robinson's rather expensive services, figuring that a performer of lesser ability and renown would answer his requirements just as well.

Mr. Robinson, in addition to being a good performer, was a good business man. He had a contract that called for so many of Mr. Bailey's dollars at the expiration of each seven days of the circus season.

"Mr. Robinson," said Bailey, "India, where we are going to next, is a terribly unhealthy country. A man is almost sure to catch some awful fever or something of that sort there."

Robinson immediately saw the drift of the conversation, and without batting an eyelash looked Mr. Bailey straight in the face and said: "Mr. Bailey, you can pitch your tents in hades, but I'll ride there for $500 a week." And he would have done it.

Minus Nothing.

"IT is bad enough to be a young doctor, a young lawyer, or a young preacher—their work is worth very, very little—but how much worse it is to be a young sculptor, whose work is worth minus nothing, whose work, instead of creating value, destroys it."

The speaker was Charles Granfly, the sculptor, of Philadelphia. He continued with a smile:

"'Why don't you have your statue carved out of that black marble?' one young sculptor asked another. 'Soon your money will be all gone and you'll have nothing but a clay model for your work.'

"'Well, you see,' was the other young sculptor's reply, 'as long as I don't make a statue out of that block of marble I can sell it.'"—Philadelphia North American.

Hedgeville Editor

By John L. Hobble.

By JOHN L. HOBBLE.

The most important time of a boy's life is when he begins to realize that he doesn't know everything.

Mrs. Derks is going to quit being a suffragette and become a female impersonator.

Perrin Kelly says that water is all right for external use, but it won't drown troubles.

George Henderson says that the only advantage he notices in being rich is that his wife can buy things out of season when they ain't good.

Old Fork says that the best way of making a woman into a good wife is to be a good husband part of the time.

Here's a Book

"The Drifting of the Cavashaws," by R. Norman Grisewood, published by R. F. Fenno & Co.

Comparisons are sometimes odious—in the case of this novel and that of another author who has just completed a mystery story of a yacht and its passengers on a pleasure trip, this is particularly true.

"The Drifting of the Cavashaws" concerns itself with the adventures of a young New York broker who is taken on board the yacht of a friend, and who is the hero who eventually foils a Eurasian in his designs to kidnap a fair heroine (for of course there is one). There is plenty of swift movement in this story, but the trouble lies, not in the ability of the author to tell a tale, but in the lack of any constructive genius. No definite suspense is sustained consistently, no contrast is made by acquainting the reader with the descriptive bits of every day life which make for background, and the reeling off of the series of adventures is more for the uncultivated reader than for the litterateur.

"A stirring romance, a dashing love story," full of excitement, but as compared to books whose author's possess style, this novel is mere froth.

Divorce Stories.

THE divorce having been granted, came the question of the custody of the child, says the Cincinnati Inquirer. After some argument it was decided that the infant should be half its time with each parent.

"Very well," said the wife, "my ex-husband can have it nights."

And in another case, before it came to court, the husband's lawyer informed the wife that she might have the motor car, the dog, the rubber plant and a liberal allowance, and that he would take the children and the victrola.

"Stop the case," cried out the wife, "I'll never get such a thoughtful husband again."

What's on the Program in Washington Today

Baseball—Closing day of the 1913 season, Washington vs. Boston, at American League Park, 3 p. m.

District of Columbia Federation of Women's Clubs will begin a series of open meetings Saturday mornings between 11 and 12 at the Public Library.

Meetings, evening:

Masonic—Called meeting of High Priests' Association.

Odd Fellows—Regular monthly meeting of Canton Washington, No. 1, Patriarchs Militant.

National Union—Government Printing Office Council will hold an initiation at Typographical Temple.

Amusements.

National—"Kismet," 2 and 8 p. m.
Belasco—"What Happened to Mary," 2:15 and 8:15 p. m.
Columbia—"Her Little Highness," 2:15 and 8:15 p. m.
Poli's—"Mother," 2:15 and 8:15 p. m.
Academy—"Madame X," 2:15 and 8:15 p. m.
Keith's—Vaudeville, 2:15 and 8:15 p. m.
Cosmos—Vaudeville, continuous.
Casino—Vaudeville, continuous.